THE
DISPENSARY
SIX CANTO'S

821
Dis / Dis
46629

00046629

B.B.R.A.S.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
R.A.S.I.C.

Frontispice. Jacl. Du Sacrier jun. & Sculp.

THE DISPENSARY.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTO'S.

66629

—*Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.*
Hor. de A. P.

The TENTH EDITION.

LIBRARY

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand.*
MDCCXLI.

00046629

TO

Anthony Henley, Eſq;

A MAN of Your Character can no more Prevent a Dedication, than he wou'd encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcover'd, when it labours moſt to be conceal'd.

'Tis hard, that to think well of You, ſhou'd be but Juſtice, and to tell You ſo, ſhou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate Your Modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratify One good Quality, do wrong to a Thouſand.

The World generally meaſures our Eſteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much Zeal in the Heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much Faintneſs in the Expreſſions: but when they reflect on Your Readineſs to do Good, and Your Induſtry to hide it; on Your Paſſion to oblige, and Your Pain to hear

it

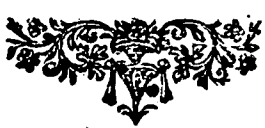
it own'd; They'll conclude that Acknowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Perſon, who ev'n ſeems to receive the Obligations he confers.

But tho' I ſhou'd perſuade my ſelf to be ſilent upon all Occaſions; thoſe more Polite Arts, which, 'till of late, have Languiſh'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their preſent Advantages, and own You for one of their generous Reſtorers: Inſomuch, that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Muſick Raviſhes; and as You help to refine Our Taſte, You diſtinguiſh Your Own.

DEDICATION.

Your Approbation of this Poëm, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of Your Judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much, as what You write Your ſelf: But You are reſolv'd to forget to be a Critick, by remembring You are a Friend. To ſay more, wou'd be uneaſie to You; and to ſay leſs wou'd be unjuſt in

Your Humble Servant.



THE

THE PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the World, I cou'd not be ſurpriz'd to find it uncorrect: Tho' I can no more ſay I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publiſher's Precipitation in doing it: For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leiſure in Reflexion; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftneſt. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: And if I could but ſay the ſame of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Juſtification againſt the Cavils of ſome furious Criticks, who, I am ſure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

Their Grand Objection is, That the Fury *Diſeaſe* is an improper Machine to recite

Characters, and recommend the Example of preſent Writers: But tho' I had the Authority of ſome *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Inſtances, to juſtifie the Deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeem'd inconſiſtent or hard, I ſtarted this Objection my ſelf, to a Gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of Criticiſm, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a *Fury* as well as *Envy:* She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Receſs; and to be reveng'd on the Exorciſt, mortifies him with an Introduction of ſeveral Perſons eminent in an Accompliſhment he has made ſome Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment leſs to any Great Genius mention'd there; ſince a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confeſs how happily They've all ſucceeded.

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monſieur *Boileau.* I muſt own I am proud of the Imputation; unleſs their

their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of *Moleſſe*, *Canto* II. and in one in his Firſt *Canto*; the ſenſe of which Line is entirely his, and I cou'd wiſh it were not the only good One in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material Objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe Gentlemen, That for every Fault they pretend to find in this *Poem*, I'll undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious Perſons does me the Honour to ſay, He approves of the Concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe 'tis upon no other Reaſon, but becauſe 'tis the Concluſion. However, I ſhou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amuſement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this Sort is very hard to be got, and very eaſie to be loſt; its Purſuit is painful, and its Poſſeſſion unfruitful; Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the Animoſities among the

the Members of the *College of Phyſicians* increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy Preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this Nature, and to endeavour to Railly ſome of our diſaffected Members into a Senſe of their Duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd ſo unreaſonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Obſervance of the Statutes by a Bond, which ſome of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the cuſtomary Oath; like ſome that will truſt their Wives with any Body, but their Money with none. I was ſorry to find there cou'd be any Conſtitution that was not to be cur'd without Poiſon, and that there ſhou'd be a Proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful Method than Reaſon and Perſuaſion.

The Original of this Difference has been of ſome Standing, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Exceſs till the time of Erecting the *Diſpenſary*, being an Apartment in the

College

College set up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever since with an Integrity and Disinterest suitable to so Charitable a Design.

If any Person wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of so Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatise set forth by the Authority of the President and Censors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd, *A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor.* The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Rise and Progress of this so Publick an Undertaking, but also of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the Most, as well as the most Ancient Members of the Society, notwithstanding the vigorous Opposition of a few Men, who thought it their Interest to defeat so laudable a Design.

The Intention of this Preface is not to perswade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the *Satyr* may appear directed

rected at any particular Perſon, 'tis at ſuch only as are preſum'd to be engag'd in Diſhonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, againſt the Dignity of their own Profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe Characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Deſcription of the Battel is grounded upon a Feud that happen'd in the *Diſpenſary*, betwixt a Member of the *College* with his Retinue, and ſome of the Servants that attended there to diſpenſe the Medicines; and is ſo far real; tho' the Poetical Relation be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author too undecently reflecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the Miſcarriages of others. There is a Character in this trivial Performance, which the Town, I find, applies to a particular Perſon: 'Tis a Reflection which I ſhou'd be ſorry ſhou'd give Offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any Phyſician remarkable for much Practice. The killing of numbers of Patients

tients is ſo trite a Piece of Raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt Impreſſion either upon the Reader, or the Perſon 'tis apply'd to; being one that I think in my Conſcience a very able Phyſician, as well as a Gentleman of extraordinary Learning. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader: But ſome Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs thoſe Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they deſign an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall Performance exceeds ſome others, They convince the World how far it falls ſhort of Theirs.

The Copy of an Inſtrument Subſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Phyſicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

WHereas *the ſeveral Orders of the College of Phyſicians*, London, *for preſcribing Medicines* gratis *to the Poor Sick of the Cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter, *and Parts adjacent, as alſo Propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of* London, *in purſuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no Method hath been taken to furniſh the Poor with Medicines for their Cure at low and reaſonable Rates; we therefore whoſe Names are here under-written, Fellows or Members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a Charity, by the Counſel and good Liking of the Preſident and College declared in their* Comitia, *hereby* (*to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us*) *do oblige our ſelves to pay to* Dr. Thomas Burwell, *Fellow and Elect of the ſaid*

ſaid College, the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece of Lawful Money of England, *by ſuch Proportions, and at ſuch Times, as to the major Part of the Subſcribers here ſhall ſeem moſt convenient. Which Money when received by the ſaid Dr.* Thomas Burwell, *is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicines to the Poor at their intrinſick Value, in ſuch Manner, and at ſuch Times, and by ſuch Orders and Directions, as by the major Part of the Subſcribers hereto ſhall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that Purpoſe. In Witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of* December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Præſes.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect and Cenſor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torleſs, *Elect. and Cenſor.*
Edw. Hulſe, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Cenſor.*
Will. Dawes, *Cenſor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.

Rich.

Rich. Morton, *Jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Cha. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
. . . . Norris.
George Colebrock.
Gideon Harvey.

The Deſign of Printing the Subſcribers Names, is to ſhew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by Five or Six Members, as thoſe that oppoſe it would unjuſtly inſinuate.

To

To Dr. G—*th*, upon the *Diſpenſary*.

O, I that ſome Genius, whoſe Poetick Vein
Like M——gue's *cou'd a juſt Piece ſuſtain,*
Wou'd ſearch the Græcian *and the* Latin *Store,*
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt Oar:
In laſting Numbers praiſe thy whole Deſign,
And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line:
Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit
Does only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit;
Who're gravely Dull, inſipidly Serene,
And carry all their Wiſdom in their Mein,
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtrip'd of their Diſguiſe,
None will again Admire, moſt will Deſpiſe.
Show in what Noble Verſe Naſſau *you ſing,*
How ſuch a Poet's worthy ſuch a King.
When S——r's *Charming Eloquence you Praiſe,*
How loftily your tuneful Voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
To Praiſe, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhou'd venture to Commend
What D——s *can't Condemn, nor* D—n *Mend:*
What muſt, writ with that Fire and with that Eaſe,
The Beaux, the Ladies and the Criticks pleaſe.

C. Boyle.

TO MY
FRIEND the AUTHOR,
Desiring my
Opinion of his POEM.

ASK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame;
Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn;
I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye;
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.
Criticks and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules what they want Force to Taste.
I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy
The Nymph has G——n's, C——l's, C——'s Charms,
If with restless Fires my Soul she warms,
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.
Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine,
Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine.
Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air.
Lost in our Pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, S——d, M——gue.

And

And yet 'tis thought, ſome Criticks in this Town,
By Rules to all, but to themſelves, unknown,
Will Damn thy Verſe, and Juſtify their own.
Why, let them Damn: Were it not wondrous hard
Facetious M——— *and the City* B———
So clearly'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?
Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their Malice, and their Toil,
Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to pleaſe the Beſt,
Whoſe Judgment, and whoſe Friendſhip is a Teſt.
With Learned H——*e thy healing Cares be join'd.*
Search thoughtful R——e *to his inmoſt Mind:*
Unite, reſtore your Arts, and ſave Mankind.
Whilſt all the buſie M———ls *of the Town*
Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'ſt a Tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious W———h *can beſt direct her Rage.*
To S———s, *and to* D———t *too ſubmit,*
And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.
Conſenting Phœbus *bows, if they Approve,*
And Ranks thee with the foremoſt Bards above:
Whilſt theſe of Right the Deathleſs Laurel ſend,
Be it my Humble Buſ'neſs to Commend
The faithful, honeſt Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

Chr. Codrington.

To my Friend Dr. *G——th*, the Author of the *Diſpenſary*.

TO Praiſe your Healing Art would be in vain;
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazling Rays of your Poetick Fire:
Which its diffuſive Virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing Verſe, and elevated Senſe.

The Town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh Verſe,
Which Poetaſters every where rehearſe;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taſte,
And gather up th' Applauſe they threw in waſte.
The Play-Houſe ſhan't Encourage falſe Sublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhyme.

The Satyr of Vile Scribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves, ſevere;
While yours contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight;
And when you ſeem to Smile the moſt, you Bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY
R I E N D,
UPON THE
D I S P E N S A R Y.

As when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They see the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night:

Thus We, who lately, as of Summer's Heat,
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo *wou'd return no more*
From warmer Climes to an ungrateful Shore.
But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Luſtre ſhine;
Our Night have chang'd into a glorious Day;
And reach'd Perfection in your firſt Eſſay:
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Eyes the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.

Others proceed to Art by ſlow Degrees,
Awkward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe.
And ſtill whate'er their firſt Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muſe.

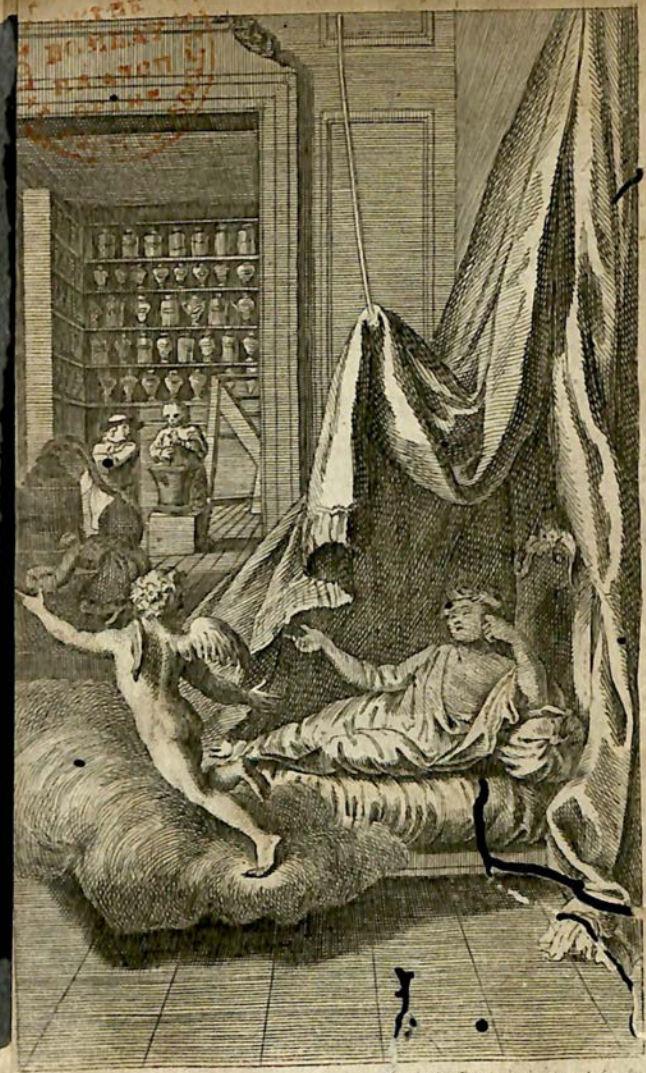
Whilſt

Whilſt yours, like Pallas, *from the Head of* Jove,
Steps out full grown, with nobleſt Pace to move.
What antient Poets to their Subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it Little, but have made it Great;
They could Deſcribe, but you alone Create.

Now let your Muſe riſe with Expanded Wings,
To ſing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's *Victories ſhe'll next rehearſe,*
And raiſe a Trophy of Immortal Verſe:
Thus to your Art proportion the Deſign,
And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,
A Second Namur, *or a Future* Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE



Can. 1

Gud. du Guernier inv. et fecit

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis Thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient Leagues to modern Diſcord fell;
And why Phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others Lives, and laviſh of their own,
How by a Journey to the *Elyſian* Plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that moſt celebrated Place,
Where angry * Juſtice ſhews her awful Face;
Where little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,
That great One's may enjoy the World in State;
There ſtands a † Dome, Majeſtick to the Sight,
And ſumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;

* *Old Baily.* † *College of Phyſicians.*

A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the diſtant Sight, a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Uſe as Noble as its Frame:
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Deſign;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, their Search purſu'd.
Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddeſs lyes,
Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs Acceſs of vulgar Eyes.

Now ſhe unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life:
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And ſlender Trains of twiſting Fibres makes.
And how the Viſcous ſeeks a cloſer Tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more Looſe flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp ariſe,
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
To ſlake a feav'riſh Heat with ambient Show'rs.
Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim;
How great their Force, how delicate the Frame:
How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt Pleaſure and the greateſt Pain.
Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
T'extend its recent Form, and ſtretch to Man.

To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*, and the Great *Nassau*.
Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.
Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.
All ſce why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, Fire,
Why *S*——rages to survive Desire.
Whence *Milo*'s Vigor at *Olympick*'s shown,
Whence Tropes to *F*—— or Impudence to *S*——
How Matter, by the vary'd shape of Pores,
Or Idiots frames, or solemn Senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
How Body acts upon impassive Mind:
How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:
Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
And how the Passions in the Features are:
How Touch and Harmony arise between
Corporeal Figure, and a Form unseen;
How quick their Faculties the Limbs fulfil,
And act at ev'ry Summons of the Will.
With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the Womb of distant Causes lye.

——at now no grand Enquiries are descry'd,
Mo[illegible]n Faction reigns, where Knowledge shou'd preside,
[illegible]cuds are encreas'd, and Learning laid aside.
Thus *Synods* oft, Con[illegible]rn for Faith conceal;
And for important [illegible]*ings* show a Zeal:

The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan*'s Beams with fading Luſtre ſhine.
No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,
Our Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching, drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen Silence reigns.

This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his *Aſylum* choſe.
Upon a Couch of Down in theſe Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Eaſe,
With Murmurs of ſoft Rills, and whiſp'ring Trees.
The Poppy and each numbing Plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy Virtue, and dull Indolence,
No Paſſions interrupt his eaſie Reign,
No Problems puzzle his Lethargick Brain,
But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs hangs ling'ring o'er his Head.

As at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay
Batt'ning in Eaſe, and ſlumb'ring Life away:
A ſpiteful Noiſe his downy Chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and encreaſes as it flies.

Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * Flint
'Till urg'd by Blows, it ſparkles into Rage:
Some temper Lute, ſome ſpacious Veſſels move;
Theſe Furnaces erect, and Thoſe approve.

* *The Building of the Diſpenſary.*

Here

Here Phyals in nice Diſcipline are ſet,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place, Magazines of Pills you ſpy;
In that, like Forage, Herbs in Bundles lye.
While lifted Peſtles brandiſh'd in the Air
Deſcend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires aſcend.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling Sinews echoing Blows repeat;
From the *Volcano*'s groſs Eruptions riſe,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obſcure the Skies.

The ſlumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down agen.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful Negligence, and Eaſe from Care.
Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
The *Northern* Monarchs from the duſty Field.
How [illegible] kept the *Britiſh* Fleet at Eaſe,
[illegible] attempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,
Where ſtretch'd on Moſſy Beds, they waſte away,
In gentle Joys the Night, in Vows the Day.

What Marks of wond'rous Clemency I've ſhown,
Some Rev'rend *Worthies* of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a cheerful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and ſparkles in their Face.
How ſleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double Chin.
Each Faculty in Blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates moleſt their downy Trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous Ignorance;
But undiſturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and bloſſom in Decay.
Deep ſunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th'Inclemencies of Morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd **Crape* the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Urim was civil; and not void of Senſe,
Had Humour, and a courteous Confidence.
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks;
The hallow'd *Roſe* declares him Orthodox.
He paſs'd his eaſie Hours, inſtead of Pray'r,
In Madrigals, and *Philliſing* the Fair.
Conſtant at Feaſts, and each *Decorum* knew;
And ſoon as the *Deſſert* appear'd, withdrew:
Always obliging and without Offence,
And fancy'd for his gay Impertinence.
But ſee how ill miſtaken Parts ſucceed;
He threw off my Dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in Controverſie, wrangled well;
In *Convocation*-Language cou'd excel.

* *See Boil. Lut.*

In

In Volumes prov'd the Church without Defence,
By nothing guarded but by *Providence:*
How Grace and Moderation diſagree;
And Violence advances Charity.
Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched Scribler, of a rare Buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I ask are Shades and ſilent Bow'rs,
To paſs in ſoft Forgetfulneſs my Hours.
Oft have my Fears ſome diſtant *Villa* choſe,
O'er their *Quietus* where fat *Judges* doſe,
And lull their Cough and Conſcience to repoſe:
Or if ſome *Cloyſter*'s Refuge I implore,
Where holy *Drones* o'er dying tapers ſnore:
The Peals of * *Naſſau*'s Arms theſe Eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the World Repoſe.
That Eaſe I offer with Contempt He flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
Nor Climes nor Seaſons his Reſolves controul,
Th' *Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.
With Arms reſiſtleſs o'er the Globe he flies,
And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o' the Skies.

But as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull Miſt, and thus went on.

'Twas in this rev'rend Dome I ſought Repoſe,
Theſe Walls were my *Aſylum* I had choſe.

* *See Boil. Lut.*

Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with Broils,
And laugh'd at Heroes, and their glorious Toils.
My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought,
With eaſie Inſignificance of Thought.
But now ſome buſie, enterprizing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his falt'ring Lips this Meſſage falls:

Since Mortals will diſpute my Power, I'll try
Who has the greateſt Empire, they or I.
Find *Envy* out, ſome Prince's Court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd Fiend.
Or where dull Criticks Author's Fate foretell;
Or where ſtale Maids or meager Eunuchs dwell.
Tell the Bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*.
And what th'Event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait enclines
To blaſt their Hopes, and baffle their Deſigns.

More he had ſpoke, but ſudden Vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken Cords tie down his Eyes.

Can. 2. Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the Evening veil'd the Mountains Heads,
And Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds;
Whilst sick'ning Flowers drink up the Silver Dew,
And *Beaus*, for some *Assembly*, dress anew;
The City Saints to Pray'rs and Play-house haste;
The Rich to Dinner, and the Poor to Rest:
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with Care
To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the Hollow of some blasted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak *Envy* lay,
The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,
That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;

No

No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
In a dark Grott the baleful Haggard lay,
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day.
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpightful Woes,
When *Accius* has applauſe, *Dorſennus* ſhows.
The cheerful Blood her meager Cheeks forſook,
And Baſilisks ſat Brooding in her Look;
A bald and bloated Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:
From her chapp'd Noſtrils ſcalding Torrents fall,
And her ſunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcano's labour thus with inward Pains,
Whilſt Seas of melted Ore lay waſte the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Diſcontent, thro' Ignorance miſ-led,
And clam'rous Faction at her Party's Head:
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling Fear,
And ſly Hypocriſie with Pious Leer.*

Glouting with ſullen Spight the Fury ſhook
Her clotter'd Locks, and blaſted with each Look,
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls,
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did ſome Immortal Action tell.

This ſhow'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* ſtood,
That, the fam'd Paſſage of the *Granick* Flood;

* *See* Dryd. *Fab.*

The

The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting Stars, the *Decii* lay;
This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol;
How *Cocles* did the *Tyber*'s Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Perſians* join,
And, there, th' immortal Battle of the *Boyn*.

As the light Meſſenger the Fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his crudling Blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And falt'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue,
At length, aſſuming Courage, he convey'd
His Errand, then he ſhrunk into a Shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt Event of ſuch an Embaſſie:
Then blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form.
So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm.
Thus ſhe—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in Exorbitance of Ill.
By Devaſtation the rough Warrior gains,
And Farmers fatten moſt when Famine reigns;
For ſickly Seaſons the Phyſicians wait,
And Politicians thrive in Broils of State;
The Lover's eaſie when the Fair One ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by Sacrifice.

Each other Being ſome Indulgence knows;
Few are my Joys, but infinite my Woes.

My preſent Pain *Britannia*'s Genius wills,
And thus the Fates record my future Ills.

A Heroine ſhall *Albion*'s Scepter bear,
With Arms ſhall vanquiſh Earth, and Heav'n with Pray'r;
She on the World her Clemency ſhall ſhow'r,
And only to Preſerve, exert her Pow'r.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious Aims forbear,
And *Blenheim*'s Thunder, more than **Ætna*'s fear.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
The happy Enterprizes of the Great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior Things;
And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

She ſaid; and ſtrait ſhrill *Colon*'s Perſon took,
In Morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in Look.
Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries Hall.*
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks eaſe, and makes the Ladies fair.
In trifling Show his Tinſel Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects ſupplies.
In Aſpect grand and goodly He appears,
Rever'd as Patriarchs in primæval Years.
Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence [illegible]
A barren Superfluity of Words,
The Patient's Ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with Jargon where his Medicine fails.

* *In Æt.* — *Cyclops forg'd the Thunder-bolts which* Jove *employ'd*
again ſt the — *Rebellion of the Giants.*

The

The Fury thus aſſuming *Colon*'s Grace,
So flung her Arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her Pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where *Horoſcope* invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Manſion where the Vulgar run,
For Ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This *Viſionarie* various Projects tries,
And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wiſe.
By uſeful Obſervations he can tell
The ſacred Charms that in true Sterling dwell.
How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Therſites* brave.
It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
Finds Senſe in *Br*——, Charms in Lady *G*——*t*;
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoſcope* its Virtue knows,
To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright Heraldry can prove,
The vile *Plebeian* but the third from *Jove*.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to Preſcribe, and buſie to Apply.
His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With Foreign Trinkets and Domeſtick Toys.

Here *Mummies* lay moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there, the *Tortoiſe* hung her Coat o' Mail;
Not far from ſome huge *Shark*'s devouring Head
The flying Fiſh their finny Pinions ſpread.

Aloft

Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly Alligator hung.
In this Place, Drugs in muſty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dry'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

An inner Room receives the numerous Shoals,
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes ſtand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lye,
And Planetary Schemes amuſe the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Eaſe,
To promiſe future Health for preſent Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, ſolemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how ſoon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will ſtrike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redreſs the Wrong,
When Fathers the Poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the Iſſue of their Cauſe,
And whether Gold can ſolder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To loſe by Art what fruitful Nature gave:
And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curſe, and begs a Son.
Whilſt *Iris*, his Coſmetick *Waſh* would try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers die.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chuſe,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans loſe.

Young

Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Deſire, and ſurfeited with Charms,
A Hot-Houſe he prefers to *Julia*'s Arms.
And old *Lucullus* would th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak Envy theſe dull Frauds with Pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs Myſteries.
In *Colon*'s Voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On *Horoſcope* environ'd by the Croud.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amuſements ceaſe,
Thy *Woodcocks* from their *Gins* a while releaſe;
And to that dire Misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhou'dſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great *Alcides* of our *Company*.
When we with Noble Scorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Our ſelves from all Parochial Offices;
And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger;
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Succeſs.
Now call to Mind thy Gen'rous Proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhou'dſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Deſign,
If not to Storm, at leaſt to Undermine.
Their Gate each Day Ten thouſand Night-caps crowd,
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmask our Myſtery,
Each Nurſe, ere-long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;

Our

Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaiſance to us, wou'd dye.
What if We claim their Right t' Aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn *Apothecaries* ſtrait?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.
'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies Command,
To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the *College* inſolently aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
Then let *Crabs* Eyes with *Pearl* for Virtue try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:
So *Glo-worms* may compare with *Titan*'s Beams,
And *Hare-Court* Pump with *Aganippe*'s Streams.

Our Manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true Value treacherouſly tell:
Nay, They diſcover too, (their Spight is ſuch,)
That Health, than Crowns more valu'd, coſts not much.
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our Conduct by theſe Rules,
To cheat as Tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as Fools.

At this fam'd *Horoſcope* turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State,
The Crowd in great Confuſion fought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilſt in his Breaſt the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then ſought her Cell, and re-aſſum'd her Form.
Thus from the Sore altho' the Inſect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Diſguiſe.

Officious

Officious *Squirt* in haſte forſook his Shop,
To ſuccour the expiring *Horoſcope*.
Oft he eſſay'd the *Magus* to reſtore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing Pow'r;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid Lumber lay
An Image of ſcarce animated Clay;
'Till Fates, indulgent when Diſaſters call,
By *Squirt*'s nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no ſooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale Reſtorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utenſil.

So when the Great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found,
He knew the Sea-weed Scent, and th' Azure Goddeſs [own'd,

THE

Can. 3

Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

ALL Night the Sage in Penſive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow Approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill *Colon* ſaid the Day before.
Cowſlips and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he ſpread,
And *S*—— Works he laid beneath his Head.
But thoſe bleſs'd Opiats ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.
Tumultous Cares lay rolling in his Breaſt,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage expreſt.

Oft has the Planet roll'd around the Sun,
Since to insult the Skies, I firſt begun:
Such my Applauſe, ſo mighty my Succeſs,
Some granted my Predictions more than Gueſs.

But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This Faith, There can be no Miſtake in Gain.
For the dull World moſt Honour pay to thoſe
Who on their Underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;
He loaths the Subſtance, and he loves the Show;
You'll ne'er convince a Fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And ſtill the only Pleaſure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye
Which no Exiſtence has, but in the Eye.
At diſtant Proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but deſart Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.

Mankind one Day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New Paſſions, new Opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at Noon, they leave at Night.
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Eaſe,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Diſeaſe.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superſtitious Fear.
They Counſel others, but themſelves Deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.

So falſe their Cenſure, fickle their Eſtee.
This Hour they Worſhip; and the next Blaſpheme.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sght
Inſpect the Springs that guide each Appetite:
Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Receſſes of the Univerſe,
Be aw'd, if puny Emmets wou'd oppreſs;
Or fear their Fury, or their Name careſs?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkneſs reign,
Be not the Fictions of a ſickly Brain,
That Project, the **Diſpenſary* they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, ſhall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora*'s Eyes
Shoots thro' the Chryſtal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauſeous Loads reel home.
Drums, Trumpets, Haut-boys wake the ſlumbring Pair;
Whilſt Bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the Bride leſs fair.
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure Waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from Inns o'Court bolts out unpaid.
The Sage tranſported at th'approaching Hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the Floor;
Officious *Squirt* that Moment had acceſs,
His Truſt was great, his Vigilance no leſs.
To him thus *Horoſcope*:

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a Share;
Fly with what Care you us'd to do of old,
When *Clyſter* was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To ſummon all the *Company* to th' *Hall*.

* *Medicines made up there, for the Uſe of the Poor.*

Away the friendly Coadjutor flies,
Swift as from Phyal Steams of *Harts-horn* riſe.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to ſome infernal Pow'r,
And draws myſterious Circles on the Floor.
But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender Bloom of Light.
No myſtick Sounds from *Hell*'s deteſted Womb,
In dusky Exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an Altar he decrees,
To that devouring Harpy call'd *Diſeaſe:*
Then Flow'rs in Caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring.
With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*,
The Griper *Senna*, and the Puker *Rue*,
The Sweetner *Saſſafras* are added too;
And on the Structure next he heaps a load
Of *Sulphur*, *Turpentine* and *Maſtick* Wood:
Gums, Foſſiles too the Pyramid increas'd.
A *Mummy* next, once Monarch of the Eaſt.
Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
And with Preſcriptions lights the ſolemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumſie Wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
With Sorrow he beheld the ſad Portent,
Then to the Hag theſe *Orizons* he ſent.

Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious Pow'r
Whoſe kind Indulgence we diſcern each Hour:

Thou

Thou well canſt boaſt thy num'rous Pedigree
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
To you ſuch Might and Energy belong,
You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong.
The Purple Conqueror in Chains, you bind,
And are to us your Vaſſals only kind.

If, in return, all Diligence we pay
To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From *Kent-ſtreet* End to fam'd St. *Giles*'s-*Pound*;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auſpicious Light break through the Pile.

He ſpoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he ſaid;
'As *Theſe* conſume in this myſterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Diſpenſary* * expire
And as *Thoſe* crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Veſſels burſt, and Glaſſes fly.
But a ſiniſter Cricket ſtrait was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring diſappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret
Squirt brought the News the *Company* was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* deſcends in ſable Streams,
To waſh his ſooty *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
There ſtands a † Structure on a riſing Hill,
Where *Tyros* take their Freedom out to kill.

* *See the Alluſion. Theoc. Pharm.* † *Apothecaries-Hall.*

Some Pictures in theſe dreadful Shambles tell,
How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;
And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
That cou'd in *Æſon*'s Veins young Force renew;
How mournful * *Myrrha* for her Crimes appeas'd,
And heals hyſterick Matrons ſtill with Tears;
How *Mentha* and *Althea*, Nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred Plants, and Health reſtore;
How ſanguine Swains their amr'ous Hours repent,
When Pleaſure's paſt, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To loſe a Subſtance, to preſerve a Name.

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th'Aſſembly *Diaſenna* thus addreſs'd.

My kind Confederates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe Deſign,
And on no other Bus'neſs but to Dine;
The *Faculty* had ſtill maintain'd their Sway,
And Int'reſt then had bid us but obey;
This only Emulation we had known,
Who beſt cou'd fill his Purſe, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with made Rage our *Halycon* Hours:
Miſts from black Jealouſies the Tempeſt form,
Whilſt late Diviſions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when theſe Feuds, like thoſe at Law, are paſt,
The Winners will be Loſers at the laſt

* *See Ov. Met.*

Like

Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we ſeek Renown,
To fire ſome Hoſtile Ship, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws Duſt againſt the Wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes
That Juggler-which another's Slight will ſhow,
But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were thoſe golden Days of old,
When dear as *Burgundy*, *Ptiſans* were ſold;
When Patients choſe to die with better Will,
Than breathe, and pay th'*Apothecary*'s Bill:
And cheaper than for our Aſſiſtance call,
Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, Spring and Fall.

Then Prieſts increas'd, and Piety decay'd,
Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd;
Their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheiſts made.
The Laws were but the hireling Judge's Senſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal Evidence.
Fools were promoted to the Council-Board,
Tools to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.
Penſions in Private were the Senate's Aim;
And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.

But now no influencing Art remains,
For *S——rs* has the Seal, and *Naſſau* reigns.
And we, in ſpight of our Reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a Reformation too.
For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe Effect.
Diſſention, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:

So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill dis-join.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the *Faculty* to be our Friend;
Send ſwarms of Patients, and our Quarrels end.
So awful *Beadles*, if the *Vagrant* treat,
Strait turn familiar, and their *Faſces* quit.
In vain we but contend, that Planet's Pow'r
Thoſe Vapours can diſperſe It rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the Miſchief to recite,
Keen *Colorynthis* paus'd and foam'd with Spight.
Sow'r Ferments on his ſhining Surface ſwim,
Work up to Froth, and bubble o'er the Brim:
Not *Beauties* fret ſo much if Freckles come,
Or Noſe ſhou'd redden in the Drawing-Room;
Or *Lovers* that miſtake th'appointed Hour,
Or in the lucky Minute want the Pow'r.

Thus He—Thou Scandal of great *Pæan*'s Art,
At thy Approach the Springs of Nature ſtart,
The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leproſie.
Cou'dſt thou propoſe, That we, the *Friends* o' Fates,
Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and diſpoſe of Lives,
Whilſt *Ruffel*, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er ſubmit to their deſpotick Will,
Who out o' Conſultation ſcarce can kill?
The tow'ring *Alps* ſhall ſooner ſink to Vales,
And *Leaches*, in our Glaſſes, ſwell to *Whales*;

Or

Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,
And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal!
Allys at *Wapping* furniſh us new Modes,
And *Monmouth-ſtreet*. *Verſailles* with Riding-hoods;
The Sick to th' *Hundreds* in pale Throngs repair,
And change the *Gravel-pits* for *Kentiſh* Air.
Our Properties muſt on our Arms depend;
'Tis next to Conquer, bravely to Defend.
'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harſh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To Die, is Landing on ſome ſilent Shoar,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempeſts roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er,
The Wiſe thro' Thought th' Inſults of Death defy;
The Fools, thro' bleſs'd Inſenſibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the Brave.
It eaſes Lovers, ſets the Captive free;
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Sound but to Arms, the Foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our Force encreaſes, as our Funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch Induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews no leſs wond'rous Pow'r than to Create.
We'll raiſe our num'rous Cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble Forces of our pigmy Foes;
Legions of Quacks ſhall join us on the Place,
From Great *Kirleus* down to *Doctor Caſe*.

Tho' ſuch vile Rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt Prize.
Such poor Supports ſerve only like a Stay;
The Tree once fix'd, its *Reſt* is torn away.

So Patriots, in the time of Peace and Eaſe,
Forget the Fury of the late Diſeaſe:
On Dangers paſt, ſerenely think no more;
And curſe the Hand that heal'd the Wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call:
Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Seſſion* ſeem'd to give Conſent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th'Event.
At length the growing Diff'rence to compoſe,
Two Brothers, nam'd *Aſcarides*, aroſe.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like Pretence,
The elder gain'd his juſt Pre-eminence;

Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But ere we once engage in Honour's Cauſe,
Firſt know what Honour is, and whence it was.

Scorn'd by the Baſe, 'tis Courted by the Brave
The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noiſie Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exiſts by Hope and by Deſpair.

Angry

Angry when-e'er a Moment's Eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Safety he conſults, it dies.
Sacrifice to this Idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, Health, and Eaſe, for nothing but a Name.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppoſe th'unthinking Faculty unveil
What we, thro' wiſer Conduct, would conceal:
Is't Reaſon we ſhou'd quarrel with the Glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous Features of our Face?
Or grant ſome grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent, what raſhly they begun:
Tho' Projects pleaſe, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties muſt this Succeſs expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect:
If Reaſon cou'd direct, ere now each Gate
Had born ſome Trophy of Triumphal State.
Temples had told how *Greece* and *Belgia* owe
Troy and *Namur* to *Jove* and to *Naſſau*.

Then ſince no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th'appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'reſt prudently to Oaths prefer.
Our Friendſhip with feign'd Airs they poorly court,
And boaſt, their Politicks are our Support.

Them

Them we'll conſult about this Enterprize,
And boldly Execute what they Adviſe.

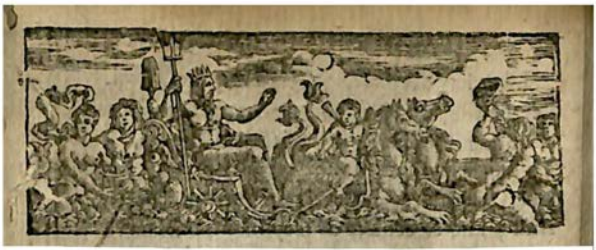
But from below (while ſuch Reſolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick ſhook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

So when at *Bathos* Earth's big Offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the *Aſs* of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in Confuſion fled.

* *The Room the Apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.*

N. 4.

Laud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.



THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theater,
Where wand'ring Punks each Night at Five repair;
Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
Where *Bentley*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
And *Briſcoe* lately was undone by New:
There triumphs a *Phyſician* of Renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in Health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known Experience, and his healing Art.
When *Bur* —— *ſs* deafens all the liſt'ning Preſs
With Peals of moſt Seraphick Emptineſs;
Or when Myſterious *F*———*n* mounts on high,
To preach his Pariſh to a Lethargy:
This *Æſculapius* waits hard by, to eaſe
The *Martyrs* of ſuch Chriſtian Cruelties.

Long

Long has this darling Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdneſs, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All Sorts meet here, of whatſoe'er Degree,
To blend and juſtle into Harmony.
The Criticks each advent'rous Author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the Man.
The Weeds of Writings for the Flowers They cull;
So nicely Taſteleſs, ſo correctly Dull!
The Politicians of *Parnaſſus* prate,
And Poets canvaſs the Affairs of State;
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.
The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito*'s,
Firſt find a Spark, and after loſe a Noſe.
The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
He grows a Mad-man; and then turns a Wit.
And in the Cloyſter penſive *Strephon* waits,
'Till *Chloe*'s Hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
More fatally than from a ſparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.

The trading Tribe oft thither throng to Dine,
And want of Elbow-room ſupply in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met.
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
Each Heroe a tremendous Air put on,
And ſtern *Mirmillo* in theſe Words begun:

'Tis

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my Intereſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue;
And in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe Statutes, which on Oath I ſhould defend;
Such Arts are Trifles to a generous Mind:
Great Services, as great Returns ſhou'd find.
And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandiſh Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her paſſing Bells can tell,
By this Right Arm what mighty Numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly ask'd whole Months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
Some fell by *Laudanum*, and ſome by *Steel*,
And Death in Ambuſh lay in every Pill.
For ſave or ſlay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit ſuffers, the Reward's the ſame.

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a Friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To Overſights we often owe Succeſs.
Thus *Beſſus* got the Battel in the *Play*,
His glorious Cowardiſe reſtor'd the Day.
So the ſam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its Deſert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Phyſi-

Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhou'd never think
Of any Arms but ſuch as Pen and Ink:
But th' Enemy, at their Expence, ſhall find
When Honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' Engagement with a Kiſs,
Which was return'd by Younger *Aſcaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundleſs Friendſhip owe,
Our Files can ſpeak, and your Preſcriptions ſhow.
Your Ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilſt poor Pretenders puzzle o'er a Caſe,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near * *Xanthus*' Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* firſt *Achaian* Fury felt,
The horned River then had curs'd in vain
Young *Peleus*' Arm, that choak'd his Stream with Slain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raiſe,
Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finiſh'd in Ten Days.
Fate ſmiles on your Attempts, and when you liſt,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave reſiſt.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Succeſs;
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
Our military Enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where Courage leads the Way.

To this Deſign ſhrill *Querpo* did agree,
A zealous Member of the *Faculty*;

* *See Hom. Il.*

His

His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A Conventicle fleſh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age the righteous Rancour ſhares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds of Prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Slow *Carus* next diſcover'd his Intent,
With Painful Pauſes mutt'ring what he meant.
His Sparks of Life in Spight of Drugs retreat,
So cold, that only *Calentures* can heat.
In his chill Veins the ſluggiſh Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his ſable Brows.
Legions of Lunaticks about him preſs,
His Province is loſt Reaſon to redreſs.
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er,
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, reſtore.
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile Books beſieg'd around.
The gazing Throng acknowledge their Surprize,
And deaf to Reaſon ſtill conſult their Eyes.
Well he perceives the World will often find,
To catch the Eye is to convince the Mind.
Thus a weak State, by wiſe Diſtruſt enclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
So Fools are always moſt profuſe of Words,
And Cowards never fail of longeſt Swords.
Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And, from the World, to Duſt and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuſe of Faſts, and Gleanings of *Duck-Lane*.

And

And up theſe Walls much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiſs* Philoſophy, and *Runick* Rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from *Cooks* and *Grocers*, come
M——Works entire, and endleſs Reams of *Bl*——*m*.
Where would the long neglected *C*——*s* fly,
If bounteous *Carus* ſhou'd refuſe to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this ſcore,
He'll find ſome *Carus* ſtill to read him o'er.

Nor muſt we the obſequious *Umbra* ſpare,
Who ſoft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when ſome Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies ſet on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Elſe courteous *Umbra* to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
* With Him, the Preſent ſtill ſome Virtues have,
The Vain are ſprightly, and the Stupid, grave;
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppiſh, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, diſcreet.
A Wren an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
C——a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, *R*——.

Heroick Ardour now th' Aſſembly warms,
Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.
For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
Fam'd *Horoſcope* thus offers to diſſuade;

Since of each Enterprize th' Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.

* *See the Imitation, Hor. Sat. the 3d.*

High

High lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
For Fees, to any Form he moulds a Cauſe.
The worſt has Merits, and the Beſt has Flaws.
Five Guineas make a Criminal to Day,
And ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.
Cato pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
Or——*d* ſuſpected, *D*——*b* innocent.
To Law then Friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, ſhall ſucceed.
Know; when I firſt invok'd *Diſeaſe* by Charms
To prove propitious to our future Arms;
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sibyl* from her *Grott* aſcend.

As *Horoſcope* urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*.

In vain your Magick Myſteries you uſe,
Such Sounds the *Sibyl*'s ſacred Ears abuſe.
Theſe Lines the pale Divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions claſh,
And ſparks of Fire ſtruck out from Armour flaſh.
Thick Clouds of Duſt contending Warriors raiſe,
And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.
Some raging ran with huge Herculean *Clubs,*
Some maſſy Balls of Braſs, ſome mighty Tubs
Of Cynders bore.——

Naked

Naked and half-burnt Hills with hideous Wreck
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* ſtrait
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her Weight.
A ruful Rag her meagre Forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd Lips theſe Accents ſound.

Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch Lines addreſs
My awful Seat, and trouble my Receſs?
In *Eſſex* Marſhy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and drizzlings Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And ſhiv'ring Quartans ſhake the ſickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent Hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my Place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The Diſſonance of ſuch untuneful Verſe.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to riſe in Senſe, and ſink in Sound.
Harſh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Senſe and Numbers if you would excel,
Read *W*——, conſider *D*——*n* well.
In one, what vig'rous Turns of Fancy ſhine,
In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.
If *D*———'s ſprightly Muſe but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* meet in ſoft Desire,
And little *Loves* confeſs their am'rous Fire.
The gentle *Iſis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *A*———*n*.

As

As tuneful C———ve tries his rural Strains,
Quits the Woods, the liſt'ning Fawns the Plains;
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
And *Britain* ſince *Pauſanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When *St*——— paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *P*——— ſings,
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention ſhow,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such juſt Examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft tho' your Strokes ſurprize, you ſhou'd not chuſe
A Theme ſo mighty for a Virgin Muſe.
Long did * *Apelles* his fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt Deſign.
'Tis *M*——*ue*'s rich Vein alone muſt prove,
None but a *Phidias* ſhould attempt a *Jove*.

The Fury paus'd, 'till with a frightful Sound
A riſing Whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd Ground.
Then ſhe ——— The Deity we *Fortune* call,
Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all.
Strait for her Favour to her Court repair,
Important Embaſſies ask Wings of Air.

Each wond'ring ſtood, but *Horoſcope*'s great Soul,
That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts controul,
Rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
Out-flew the Rack, and left the Hours behind.

* *See Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1. Plin. Plut. Cic. Ep. Val. Max.*

The

The Ev'ning now with Bluſhes warms the Air,
The Steer reſigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care:
The Clouds above with golden Edgings glow,
And falling Dews refreſh the Earth below.
The Bat with ſooty Wings flits thro' the Grove
The Reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the Aſpine move,
And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love.
Thro' the tranſparent Region of the Skies,
Swift as a Wiſh the Miſſionary flies.
With Wonder he ſurveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors ſporting there.
How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night,
Shoot thro' the *Æther* in a Trail of Light;
How riſing Steams in th' azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in ſoft Show'rs deſcend;
Or if the ſtubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Hony Dews embalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luſcious Sweats adorn.
How Heat and Moiſture mingle in a Maſs,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.
Why nimble Coruſcations ſtrike the Eye,
And bold *Tornado's* bluſter in the Sky.
Why a prolifick *Aura* upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show'r deſcends.
How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
In Breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling Rills:
Whence Infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River Gods their thirſty Urns ſupply.

The

The wond'ring Sage purſues his airy Flight,
And braves the chill unwholſome Damps of Night;
He views the Tracts where Luminaries rove,
To ſettle Seaſons here, and Fates above.
The bleak *Arcturus* ſtill forbid the Seas,
The ſtormy *Kidds*, the weeping *Hyades*:
The ſhining * *Lyre* with Strains attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring Manſions now than † Hell's before:
Glad *Caſſiopeia* circling in the Sky,
And each brave *Churchil* of the Galaxy.

Aurora on *Eteſian* Breezes born,
With bluſhing Lips breathes out the ſprightly Morn;
Each Flow'r in Dew their ſhort-liv'd Empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* ſleeps.
As through the Gloom the *Magus* cuts his Way,
Imperfect Objects tell the doubtful Day.
Dim he diſcerns Majeſtick *Atlas* riſe,
And bend beneath the Burthen of the Skies.
His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempeſts know,
Whilſt Light'ning flies, and Thunder rolls below.

Diſtant from hence beyond a Waſte of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff* his Giant Brother reigns;
With breathing Fire his pitchy Noſtrils glow,
As from his Sides he ſhakes the fleecy Snow.
Around his hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His Subject Iſlands raiſe their verdant Heads;
The Waves ſo gently waſh each riſing Hill,
The Land ſeems floating, and the Ocean ſtill.

* Orpheus's *Harp made a Conſtellation.*
† *See* Manil.

Eternal Spring with ſmiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
From Chryſtal Rocks tranſparent Riv'lets flow;
The Tub'roſe ever breathes, and Violets blow.
The Vine undreſs'd her ſwelling Cluſters bears,
The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and Fruit at once the * Citron ſhows,
And as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The Orange to her Sun her Pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant Apples with his Rays.
No Blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful Sky,
The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but ſigh.
The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
And, warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note.
Where *Flora* treads her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
And ſcatters Odours from his Purple Wings;
Whilſt Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jeſmine Groves
Chant their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
Mild Seaſons, riſing Hills, and ſilent Dales,
Cool Grotto's, Silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy Shrubs in pomp appear,
And ſcent with Gales of Sweets the circling Year.

Theſe happy Iſles, where endleſs Pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful Bards ——— The *Fortunate*.
On high, where no hoarſe Winds nor Clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial Court.
Upon a Wheel of † *Ametbyſt* ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by Fits.

* Wall. † *This Stone reckon'd fortunate; ſee the Hiſt. of Nat. Magick.*

In

this ſtill Labyrinth, around her lye
Pills, Philters, Globes, and Schemes of Palmiſtry:
A Wig in this Hand the *Gypſie* bears,
In th' other a prophetick Sive and Sheers.

The Dame by Divination knew that ſoon
The *Magus* wou'd appear——and then begun:
Hail, ſacred Seer! thy Embaſſie I know,
Wars muſt enſue, the Fates will have it ſo:
Dread Feats ſhall follow, and Diſaſters great,
* Pills charge on Pills, and Bolus Bolus meet:
Both Sides ſhall conquer, and yet Both ſhall fail;
The Mortar now, and then the Urinal.

To thee alone my Influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my Favours flow.
'Tis I that give (ſo mighty *is* my Pow'r)
Faith to the *Jew*, Complexion to the *Moor*.
I am the Wretch's Wiſh, the *Rook's* Pretence,
The Sluggard's Eaſe, the Coxcomb's Providence.
Sir *Scrape-Quill*, once a ſupple ſmiling Slave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently Grave;
Builds, Settles, Purchaſes, and has each Hour
Caps from the Rich, and Curſes from the Poor.
Spadillio, that at Table ſerv'd o' late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in Plate;
Has *Levees*, *Villas*, Miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the Racers which he dubb'd before.

Souls heav'nly born my faithleſs Boons defy;
The Brave is to himſelf a Deity.

* *See the Alluſion*, Lucan.

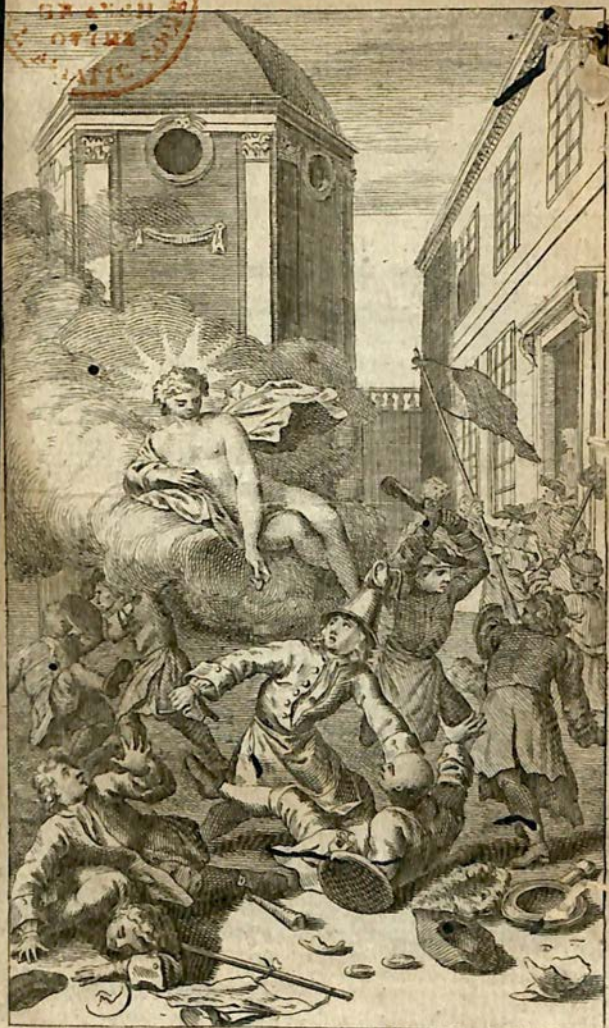
46629

Tho'

Tho' bleſt *Aſtrea's* gone, ſome Soil remains
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.

The *Tyber* boaſts his *Julian* Progeny,
Thames his *Naſſau*, the *Nyle* his *Ptolomy*.
Iberia, yet for future Sway deſign'd,
Shall, for a *H*———, a greater *M*——— find.
Thus * *Ariadne* in proud Triumph rode,
She loſt a † Heroe, and ſhe found a ‡ God.

* *See Steph.* † Theſeus. ‡ Bacchus.



Can. 5. Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE DISPENSARY

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o'er the Ground;
And ſlumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's Theme;
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it flies:
He finds no Reſpite from his anxious Grief;
Then ſeeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Oppreſs'd with Fees and deafen'd with Renown.

None e'er cou'd die with due Solemnity,
Unleſs his Paſs-port firſt was ſign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;
I give Reverſions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State ſupport;
But I, to make it eaſie, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented Matrons free,
And ranſom Husbands from Captivity.
Shall one of ſuch Importance then engage,
In noiſie Riot, and in Civil Rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtrait a Peace, and ſo
Preſerve my Character, and Perſon too.

But *Diſcord*, that ſtill haunts with hideous Mien
Thoſe dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,
O'er-heard *Mirmillo*'s Anguiſh; then begun
In peeviſh Accents to expreſs her own.

Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy *Peace*
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Receſs?
Have I made *S*———*th* and *Sh*——*ck* diſagree,
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obſcurity?
And does my faithful *F*——*ſon* profeſs
His Ardor ſtill for Animoſities?
Have I, *Britannia*'s Safety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made Parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous Leagues of amicable Spight,
To curſe their Country, whilſt the common Cry
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Miniſtry*?
And ſhall a Daſtard's Cowardiſe prevent
The War, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?

No,

No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo*'s Bed,
And taking *Querpo*'s meager Shape, She ſaid;

At Noon of Night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe Tumults in your penſive Boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving Sighs,
Nay, ſaw the Tears debating in your Eyes.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But Threats I find
Low'r in your Looks, and rankle in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late Diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your Soul, and troubles your Repoſe.
Miſtakes in Practice ſcarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What Looks diſcover, ſaid the Homicide,
Wou'd be a fruitleſs Induſtry to hide.
My Safety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuff'ring Party with my Pen.

All ſhou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft the leaſt diſcern.
Let *P*——— ſpeak, and *V*———*k* write,
Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cæcinna* fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but when th' Enervate aim
Beyond their Force, they ſtill contend for Shame.
Had *C*—— printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the *S*——*fold* o' the Town.
Aſſes and Owls, unſeen, their Kind betray,
If theſe attempt to Hoot, or thoſe to Bray.

Had *W*——— never aim'd in Verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.
Still Cenſures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* ſhou'd expect a *Juvenal*.
Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So *Diamonds* take a Luſtre from their Foyle;
And to a *B*———*ly* 'tis, we owe a *B*——*le*.

Conſider well the Talent you poſſeſs,
To ſtrive to make it more would make it leſs;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe Party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your Magazine of Senſe.
Haſpt in a Tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid Friends,
Succeſs on Vigour and Diſpatch depends.

Lab'ring in Doubts *Mirmillo* ſtood, then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if Gain diſſwade;
What Fool for noiſie Feuds large Fees wou'd leave?
Ten Harveſts more, wou'd all I wiſh for give.

True Man, reply'd the Elf; by Choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving Pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent Good they ſlight, an abſent chuſe,
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe;
Falſe Proſpects all their true Delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.

In reſtleſs Hurries thoughtleſly they live,
A Subſtance oft unmov'd, for Shadows grieve.
Children at Toys, as Men at Titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This *Philip*'s Son prov'd in revolving Years;
And firſt for Rattles, then for Worlds ſhed Tears.

The Fury ſpoke, then in a Moment fir'd
The Heroe's Breaſt with Tempeſts, and retir'd.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* ſpent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight,
'Till the pale *Pleiads* clos'd their Eyes of Light.
At length gay Morn glows in the Eaſtern Skies,
The Larks in Raptures thro' the *Æther* riſe,
The Azure Miſts ſcud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns,
The *Amaranth* opes its Leaves, the *Lys* its Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.

As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn deſcries,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,
And finds the Legions planted at their Poſt;
Where mighty *Querpo* fill'd the Eye the moſt.
His Arms were made, if we may credit Fame,
By * *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.
Of temper'd *Stibium* the bright Shield was caſt,
† And yet the Work the Metal far ſurpaſs'd.

* *See the Alluſion* Hom. Iliad. *B.* 18. Virg. Æn. *B.* 8.
† *See* Ovid. Met. *B.* 2.

A Foliage of the Vulnerary Leaves,
Grav'd round the Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceive
Around the Center Fate's bright Trophies lay,
Probes, Saws, Inciſion Knives, and Tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the Field, a Battel ſtood
Of *Leeches* ſpouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
The Artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn State
Of grave *Phyſicians* at a Conſult met;
About each Symptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of Fee.
Whilſt each *Aſſaſſin* his learn'd Collegue tires.
With learn'd Impertinence, the Sick expires.

Beneath this blazing Orb bright *Querpo* ſhone,
Himſelf an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.
A Peſtle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Cloſe-ſtool Pan.
His Creſt an † *Ibis*, brandiſhing her Beak,
And winding in looſe Folds her ſpiral Neck.
This, when the Young * *Querpoïdes* beheld,
His Face in Nurſe's Breaſt the Boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,
And as the Monſter gap'd wou'd ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes Joy prevail'd, and ſometimes Fear;
And Tears and Smiles alternate Paſſions were.

As *Querpo* tow'ring ſtood in Martial Might,
Pacifick *Carus* ſparkled on the Right.

† *This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it ſelf a Clyſter with its Beak.*
* *Alluding to* Aſtyanax. *See* Hom. Il.

An

An * *Oran Outang* o'er his Shoulders hung,
His Plume confeſs'd the Capon whence it ſprung.
His motly Mail ſcarce cou'd the Heroe bear,
Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

Fam'd Chiefs,
For preſent Triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your Virtue I admire, your Value more.
If Battel be reſolv'd, you'll find this Hand
Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command.
Our Foes in Throngs ſhall hide the Crimſon Plain,
And their *Apollo* interpoſe in vain.
Tho' Gods themſelves engage, a † *Diomed*
With Eaſe cou'd ſhow a *Deity* can bleed.

But War's rough Trade ſhou'd be by Fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a Trench the beſt.
Let Quinſies throttle, and the Quartan ſhake,
Or Dropſies drown, and Gout and Cholicks rack;
Let Sword and Peſtilence lay waſte, whilſt we
Wage bloodleſs Wars, and fight in Theory.
Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame;
The Dead I raiſe my Chivalry proclaim,
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt Health reſtor'd,
In Fame's bright Liſt my Victories record.
More Lives from me their Preſervation own,
Than Lovers loſe if Fair *Cornelia* frown.

Your Cures, ſhrill *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your Miſcarriages conceal.

* *The Skin of a diſſected Baboon called ſo.*
† *See* Hom. Il. *B.* 5.

Zeno,

Zeno, a Prieſt, in *Samothrace* of old,
Thus reaſon'd with *Philopidas* the bold:
Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind
To what concerns the State of Human Kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not Pray'r,
That argues want of Pow'r, and This of Care.
Allow that Wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Pow'r infinite muſt act. *I grant it ſo.*
Haſte ſtrait to *Neptune*'s Fane, ſurvey with Zeal
The Walls. *What then?* reply'd the Infidel.
Obſerve thoſe num'rous Throngs in Effigy,
The Gods have ſav'd from the devouring Sea.
'Tis true, their Pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
But where are Theirs that periſh'd in the Deep?

Vaunt now no more the Triumph of your Skill,
But, tho' unfee'd, exert your Arm, and kill.
Our Scouts have learn'd the Poſture of the Foe;
In War, Surprizes ſureſt Conduct ſhow.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That *P——k*'s Worth, and *O——*'s Valour tells;
How Truth in *B——*, how in *C——ſh* reigns
Varro's Magnificence with *Maro*'s Strains;
But how at Church and Bar all gape and ſtretch
If *W——* plead, or *S——* or *O——ly* preach;
On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each Countenance appear'd,
A Council's call'd, and *Stentor* firſt was heard;
His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd *Prætorium* rent,
Addreſſing thus the Paſſive Preſident.

Machaon,

Machaon, whoſe Experience we adore,
Greater your matchleſs Merit, is your Pow'r.
At your Approach, the baffled Tyrant *Death*
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his claſhing Teeth.
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day;
What you command, your Vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the Deſign.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious Foes, or die.
Our Spight, they'll find, to their Advantage leans,
The End is good, no matter for the Means.
So modern *Caſuiſts* their Talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of Truth to lye.

He had not finiſh'd, 'till th' Out-guards deſcry'd
Bright Columns move in formidable Pride.
The paſſing Pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.
Tho' wide the Front, tho' groſs the *Phalanx* grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer drew.

The adverſe Hoſt for Action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the Face of War.
Their Chiefs lace on their Helms, and take the Field,
And to their truſty Squires reſign their Shield:
To paint each Knight, their Ardour and Alarms,
Wou'd ask the Muſe that ſung the Frogs in Arms.

And now the Signal ſummons to the Fray;
Mock Falchions flaſh, and paltry Enſigns play.

Their Patron God his ſilver Bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough Harneſs ruſtles, and bold Armour clangs.
The piercing *Cauſticks* ply their ſpightful Pow'r;
Emeticks ranch, and keen *Cathartick*s ſcour.
The deadly Drugs in double Doſes fly;
And Peſtles peal a martial Symphony.

Now from their levell'd *Syringes* they pour
The liquid Volley of a miſſive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltick* drive,
Puſh'd on by *Northern* Guſts, ſuch Horror give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

So when *Leviathans* diſpute the Reign
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Iſles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their ſpread Noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the ſtagg'ring *Braves*, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare:
Each ſeizes for his Shield a ſpacious *Scale*,
And the *Braſs Weights* fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty Jars the dire Defeat reſound.

Thus when ſome Storm its Chryſtal Quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling Show'rs of *Ice* deſcends;

Mount

Mount *Athos* ſhakes the Foreſts on his Brow,
Whilſt down his wounded Sides freſh Torrents flow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-ſpread the Vale below.

But now, all Order loſt, promiſcuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows.
From *Stentor*'s Arm a Maſſy Opiat flyes,
And ſtrait a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus*' Eyes.
At *Colon* great *Sertorius* Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung,
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.
Chiron attack'd *Talthibius* with ſuch Might,
One Paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropick Knight,
Who ſtrait retreated to evade the Wound,
But in a Flood of *Apozem* was drown'd.
This *Pſylas* ſaw, and to the Victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th'unwieldy Dead.
Thy Fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore
By th' Image of *Priapus*, which he bore:
And rais'd an * *Eagle-ſtone*, invoking loud
On *Cynthia*, leaning o'er a Silver Cloud.

Great Queen of Night, and Empreſs of the Seas,
If faithful to thy Midnight Myſteries,
If ſtill obſervant of my early Vows,
Theſe Hands have eas'd the mourning Matron's Throws,
Direct this rais'd avenging Arm aright,
So may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.
He ſaid, and let the pond'rous Fragment fly
At *Chiron*, but learn'd *Hermes* put it by.

* *See* Plin.

Tho'

Tho' the haranguing God ſurvey'd the War,
That Day the Muſes Sons were not his Care.
Two Friends, Adepts, the *Triſmegiſts* by Name,
Alike their Features, and alike their Flame.
As ſimpling ne'er fair *Tweed* each ſung by turn,
The liſt'ning River would neglect his Urn.
Thoſe Lives they fail'd to reſcue by their Skill,
Their * Muſe could make immortal with her Quill.
But learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State
Diſſolv'd the League, and kindled a Debate.
The One for lofty Labours fruitful known,
Fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw
That from its Birth had ſlept unſeen 'till now.
Stunn'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a *Simile* expir'd.

And now the Cohorts ſhake, the Legions ply,
The yielding Flanks confeſs the Victory.
Stentor undaunted ſtill, with noble Rage
Sprung thro' the Battel, *Querpo* to engage.
Fierce was the Onſet, the Diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, Neither would retreat:
Each Combatant his Adverſary mauls,
With batter'd *Bed-Pans*, and ſtav'd *Urinals*.
On *Stentor*'s Creſt the uſeful Chryſtal breaks,
And Tears of *Amber* gutter'd down his Cheeks:
But whilſt the Champion, as late Rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive Stroke, he fell:
And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him ſtood
With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* ſu'd.

* *See* Taſſ.

When

When Honour's loſt, 'tis a Relief to die;
Death's but a ſure Retreat from Infamy.
But to the loſt, if Pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young *Querpoïdes* thy Son;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an Infant-Grace
Smiles in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
If he was near, Compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
To thee the lov'd * *Diſpens'ry* I reſign.

At this the *Victors* own ſuch Ecſtaſies,
As *Memphian* Prieſts if their *Oſiris* ſneeze:
Or Champions with Olympick Clangour fir'd;
Or ſimpring Prudes with ſprightly *Nantz* inſpir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from Dungeons to a Crown;
Or faſting Zealots when the Sermon's done.

Awhile the Chief the deadly Stroke declin'd,
And found Compaſſion pleading in his Mind.
But whilſt he view'd with Pity the Diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd † *Signetur* writ upon his Breaſt.
Then tow'rds the Skies he toſs'd his threatning Head,
And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, ſaid,

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge deſiſt,
His *Holineſs* ſhall turn a *Quietiſt*,
Janſenius and the *Jeſuits* agree,
The Inquiſition wink at Hereſie,

* *See the Alluſion*, Virg: Æn.

† *Thoſe Members of the College that obſerve a late Statute, are called by the Apothecaries* Signetus Men.

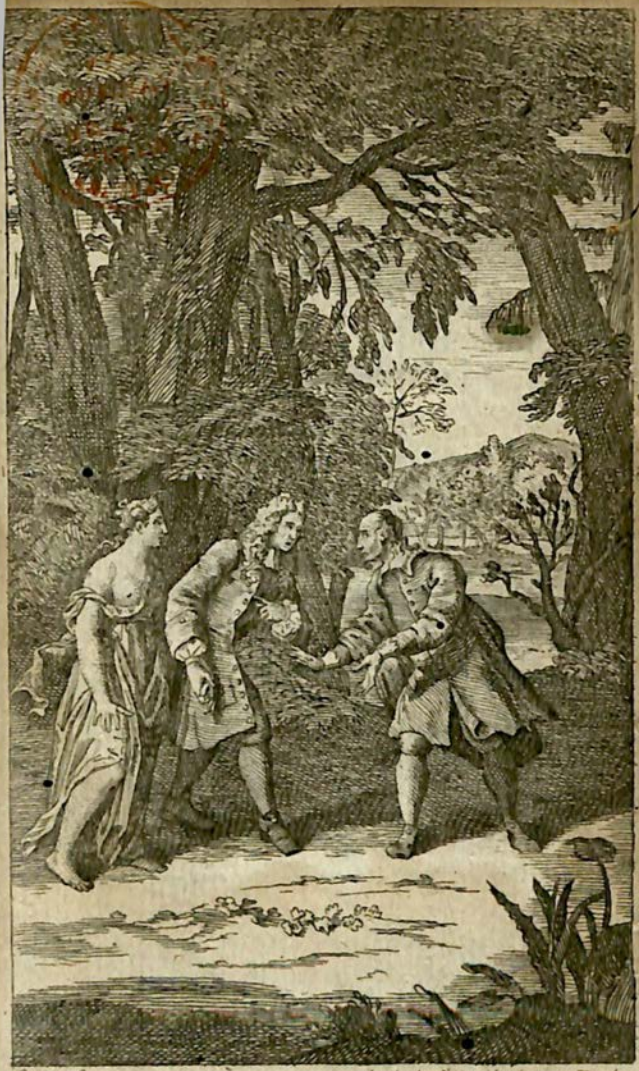
Warm

Warm Convocations own the Church ſecure,
And more conſult her Doctrine than her Pow'r.

With that he drew a Lancet in his Rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating Sage.
But while his Thoughts that fatal Stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.
The *Chief* great *Pæan*'s golden Treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've ſeen
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face beſmear'd in Blood;
But at the firſt Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe ſo his Enterprize recalls,
His Fiſt unclinches, and the Weapon falls.



Can: 6. *Lud. du Guernier inv. et Sculp.*

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangour of the Battel rings,
Auſpicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephyr*'s Wings;
She ſeem'd a Cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling Fair,
And borrows *C*———*le*'s Shape, and *G*——*ter*'s Air.*
Her Eyes like *R*———*agh*'s their Beams diſpenſe,
With *Ch*———*ill*'s Bloom, and *B*——*kley*'s Innocence;
Oh *Iris* thus the differing * Beams beſtow
The Die, that paints the Wonders of her Bow;
From the fair Nymph a vocal Muſick falls,
As to *Machaon* thus the Goddeſs calls.

Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a Triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.

* *See* Newt. *of Col.*

Haſte

Haſte to th'*Elyſian* Fields, thoſe bleſs'd Abodes,
Where *Harvy* ſits among the Demi-Gods.
Conſult that ſacred Sage, ſoon He'll diſcloſe
The Method that muſt mollify theſe Woes.
Let *Celſus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my Care.

Aghaſt the Heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in Fear,
A Form ſo Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear;
Celſus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The reſt in pale Confuſion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies, marſhall'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War againſt th' invading Cranes;
The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,
And ſcatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air;
But when the bold imperial Bird of *Jove*
Stoops on his ſounding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron ſeeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddeſs with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement ſtrike; and ſtrait at her Command
The willing Surface opens, and deſcries
A deep Deſcent that leads to nether Skies.
* *Hygeia* to the ſilent Region tends;
And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* deſcends.

* *Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddeſs.*

Thus

Thus *Numa* when to hallow'd Caves retir'd,
Was by *Ægeria* guarded and inſpir'd.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they ſpy
The Beds where ſleeping Vegetables lye,
Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themſelves in various Hew,
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew;
Hence the *Carnation* and the baſhful *Roſe*
Their Virgin bluſhes to the Morn diſcloſe.
Hence the chaſt *Lilly* riſes to the Light,
Unveils her ſnowy Breaſts, and charms the Sight.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade:
And hence on *Daphne*'s Lawrel'd Forehead grow
Immortal Wreaths for *Phœbus* and *Naſſau*.

The Inſects here their lingring Trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder Skies and ſofter Air.
Down to theſe Cells obſcener Reptils creep,
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* ſleep.
Where ſhiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and ſlide in State.
Here their new Form the numb'd † *Erucæ* hide,
Their num'rous Feet in ſlender Bandage ty'd;
Soon as the kindling Year begins to riſe,
This upſtart Race their native Clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted Wings attempt the Skies.

* *See Ov. Met: B.* 15.
† *See* Godart *of Caterpillars and Butterflies.*

Now thoſe profounder Regions They explore,
Where Metals ripen in vaſt Cakes of Oar.
Here, ſullen to the Sight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy Maſs of lumpiſh Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are ſeen
The aſpiring Seeds of ſprightly Tin.
The * Copper ſparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burniſh'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Luſtre in its Face,
To th'Arms of thoſe more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lyes.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymiſt's Fire.

Near Theſe the Delegate with Wonder ſpies
Where Floods of living Silver ſerpentize:
Where richeſt Metals their bright Looks put on,
And Golden Streams through Amber Channels run.
Where Light's gay God deſcends to ripen Gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his Beams.

Here he obſerves the Subterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature ſports in idle Shells.
Some *Helicoeids*, ſome *Conical* appear;
Theſe, Miters emulate, Thoſe, Turbans are.
Here Marcaſites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State:
Till Drops that from impending Rocks deſcend
Their Subſtance petrifie, and Progreſs end:
Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow;
And, whilſt enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:

* *See* Yalo, *on Mines.*

Convul-

Convulſions in the lab'ring Mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noiſie Cave,
Where with hoarſe Dinns impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.
The warring Winds unmov'd *Hygeia* heard,
Brav'd their loud Jars, but much for *Celſus* fear'd.
Andromeda, ſo whilſt her Heroe fought,
Shook for his Danger, but her own forgot.

And now the Goddeſs with her Charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful Glimpſe their Steps befriends.
Here his forſaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
And undiſturb'd by Form, in Silence ſleeps.
A griſly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
An aukward Lump of ſhapeleſs Anarchy.
With ſordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waſte.
To theſe dark Realms much learned Lumber creeps,
There copious *M*—— ſafe in Silence ſleeps.
Where Muſhroom Libels in Oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other Monſters die.
Upon a Couch of *Jett* in theſe Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholly Conſort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waſte in barren Joy.

Nigh this Receſs, with Terror they ſurvey
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;
In the cloſe Covert of a Cypreſs Grove,
Where *Goblins* friſk, and airy *Spectres* rove,

Yawns a dark Cave, with awful Horror wide,
And there the *Monarch*'s Triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the Eye,
The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye.
Dim Lamps with ſickly Rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-flow.
Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded Family of Care.
Old mouldring Urns, Racks, Daggers and Diſtreſs
Make up the frightful Horror o' the Place.

Within its dreadful Jaws thoſe Furies wait,
Which execute the harſh Decrees of Fate.
* *Febris* is firſt: The *Hag* relentleſs hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and ſees the Infant's Tears.
In her Parch'd Eye-balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And reſtleſs Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then † *Hydrops* next appears amongſt the Throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But like a Miſer, in Exceſs ſhe's poor;
And pines for Thirſt amidſt her watry Store.

Now loathſome ‡ *Lepra*, that offenſive Spright,
With foul Eruptions ſtain'd, offends the Sight,
Still deaf to Beauty's ſoft perſuading Pow'r:
Nor can bright *Hebe*'s Charms her Bloom ſecure.

Whilſt meager § *Pthiſis* gives a ſilent Blow,
Her Strokes are ſure; but her Advances ſlow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the *Fortreſs* firſt; then takes the *Town*.

* *Feaver.* † *Dropſie.* ‡ *Leproſie.* § *Conſumption.*

Behind

Behind ſtood Crouds of much inferior Name,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vaſſals of their Monarch's Tyranny:
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celſus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The ſilent Region of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Deſarts are deſcry'd;
And ſullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then ſhews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Paſſage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no Paſs-port to demand our Aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon*'s preſent ſtill at their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Conſort owe
To them the peopling of their Realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy Hand he graſp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddeſs and her *Charge* prepare
To breathe the Sweets of ſoft *Elyſian* Air,
Upon the Left they ſpy a penſive * Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief ſate heavy on his mournful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celſus* ſpoke:

Tell me, thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burſt from your Breaſt, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who thoſe mangled *Manes* are, which ſhow
A ſullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

* *See the Allufion*, Virg. Æn. B. 6.

Since, ſaid the Ghoſt, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guaicum*, once your firmeſt Friend.
And on this barren Beach in Diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th' angry Powers relent.
Thoſe *Spectres* ſeam'd with Scars that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
They vex with endleſs Clamours my Repoſe:
This wants his Palate; That demands his Noſe:
And here they execute ſtern *Pluto*'s Will,
And ply me ev'ry Moment with a Pill.

Then *Celſus* thus, O much-lamented State!
How rigid is the Sentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late *Ptiſans* you lye,
That once were ſprightlier far than *Mercury*.
At the ſad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable Souls aſleep:
The unctuous *Larix*, and the healing *Pine*
Lament your Fate in Tears of Turpentine.
But ſtill the Off-ſpring of your Brain ſhall prove
The Grocer's Care, and brave the Rage of *Jove*.
When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works ſhall riſe
In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.

If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs could bend,
Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd ſend.
But ſince no human Arts the Fates diſſuade;
Direct me how to find bleſs'd *Harvey*'s Shade.
In vain th' unhappy Ghoſt ſtill urg'd his Stay;
Then riſing from the Ground, he ſhew'd the Way.

Nigh

Nigh the dull Shoar a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful Frown ſurvey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddeſs try'd,
And *Celſus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Aſcent thus conquer'd, now they towre on high,
And taſte th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.
Looſe *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
Soft Infant Bloſſoms their chaſt Odours pay,
And Roſes bluſh their fragrant Lives away.
Cool Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They paſs, their painted Banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.
The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
E'er Noon in painted Pride ſhe decks her Head:
Rob'd in rich Dye ſhe triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.
So when bright *Venus* riſes from the Flood,
Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd;
The *Tritons* gaze, and tune each vocal Shell,
And ev'ry Grace unſung, the Waves conceal.

The *Delegate* obſerves, with wond'ring Eyes,
Ambroſial Dews deſcend, and Incenſe riſe.
Then haſtens onward to the penſive Grove,
The ſilent * *Manſion* of diſaſtrous Love.
Here Jealouſie with Jaundice Looks appears,
And broken Slumbers, and fantaſtick Fears.

* *See* Virg. Æn. *B.* 6.

The

The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs sings.
No Winds but Sighs there are, no Floods but Tears,
Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

Olivia here in Solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground:
Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She seem'd the dying Image of Despair.
How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring!
'Till the Green-sickness and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless Arms th' unhappy Maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover stood,
The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An Icy Horror shiver'd in his Look,
As to the cold complexion'd Nymph He spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence such anxious Care,
Your Looks disorder'd, and your Bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless Show'r?
Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell;
O that instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!

Stabb'd with th'unkind Reproach, the Conscious Maid
Thus to her late insulting Lover said;
When Ladies listen not to loose Desire,
You style our Modesty, our want of Fire.

Smile

Smile or Forbid, Encourage or Reprove,
You ſtill find Reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a Liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh Things we ſay.
Few are the Fair Ones of *Rufilla*'s Make,
Unask'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:
But ſev'ral *Cælia's*, ſev'ral Ages boaſt,
That like, where Reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heav'nly Truth and Tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſt Paſſion may perſwade us to deſire.

Your Sex, he cry'd, as Cuſtom bids, behaves;
In Forms the Tyrant tyes ſuch haughty Slaves.
To do nice Conduct Right, you Nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where Reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the Courage, but how the Flame!
They like the Thing, that ſtartle at the Name.
The lonely *Phœnix*, tho' profeſs'd a Nun,
Warms into Love, and kindles at the Sun.
Thoſe Tales of ſpicy Urns and fragrant Fires,
Are but the Emblems of her ſcorch'd Deſires.

Then as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive Air.
From his Embrace th'unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her Eyes.

They haſten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bleſs'd remain:
Where *Harvey* gathers Simples, to beſtow
Immortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below,
Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Preſence knew;
Thus He —— Hail,

Hail, blooming Goddeſs! Thou propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe Bleſſings Mortals more than Life implore,
With ſo much Luſtre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts where Thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to Smile or Frown,
Finds Eaſe in Chains, or Anguiſh in a Crown.

With juſt Reſentments and Contempt you ſee
The foul Diſſentions of the *Faculty*;
How your ſad ſick'ning Art now hangs her Head,
And once a Science, is become a Trade.
Her Sons ne'er riſle her Myſterious Store,
But ſtudy Nature leſs, and Lucre more.
Not ſo when *Rome* to th' *Epidaurian* rais'd
A ‡ Temple, where devoted Incenſe blaz'd.
Oft Father *Tyber* views the lofty Fire,
As the learn'd Son is worſhip'd like the Sire;
The Sage with *Romulus* like Honours claim;
The Gift of Life and Laws were then the ſame.

I ſhow'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their refluent Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why ſpontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers tumultuous Riots cauſe.
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Bates*, and *Gliſſon* lye
In the Abyſs of blind Obſcurity.
But now ſuch wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan*'s Art is by Diviſions torn.

‡ *A Temple built at* Rome, *in the Iſland of* Tyber, *to* Æſculapius *Son of* Apollo.

Then

Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt Health your Science may regain.

Haſte, and the matchleſs *Atticus* Addreſs,
From Heav'n and great *Naſſau* he has the Mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his *Aſylum* ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and Learning is his Care.
He ſoftens the harſh Rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and grinds their Harpy Claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying Eye
On the ſad State of virtuous Poverty.
When e'er he ſpeaks, Heavens! how the liſt'ning Throng
Dwells on the melting Muſick of his Tongue.
His Arguments are Emblems of his Mein,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' ſerene;
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,
Here, Light'ning ſtrikes you; there, ſoft Breezes ſigh.

To him you muſt your ſickly State refer,
Your Charter claims him as your Viſiter.
Your Wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
Your Science to the Height it had before.

Then *Naſſau*'s Health ſhall be your glorious Aim,
His Life ſhould be as laſting as his Fame.
Some Princes Claims from Devaſtations ſpring,
He condeſcends in Pity to be King:
And when, amidſt his *Olives* plac'd, He ſtands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands:
Ev'n then not leſs a Heroe he appears,
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.

Wou'd

Wou'd *Phœbus*, or his G——y, but inſpire
Their ſacred Veh'mence of Poetick Fire;
To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring Univerſe reſtore:
Fair *Albion*'s Cliffs wou'd Echo to the Strain,
And praiſe the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain
The Earth's Repoſe, and Empire o'er the Main.

Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confeſs
They've ſtrove for Ruin long without Succeſs.
When late, *Jove*'s * Eagle from the Pyle ſhall riſe
To bear the Victor to the boundleſs Skies,
Awhile the God puts off Paternal Care,
Neglects the Earth, to give the Heav'ns a Star.
Near Thee, † *Alcides*, ſhall the Hero ſhine;
His Rays reſembling, as his Labours, Thine.

Had ſome fam'd *Patriot*, of the *Latin* Blood,
Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,
But thus preſerv'd the *Latin* Liberties,
Aſpiring Columns ſoon had reach'd the Skies:
Loud *Io*'s the proud Capitol had ſhook,
And all the Statues of the Gods had ſpoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd purſue:
He paus'd; and *Celſus* with his Guide withdrew.

* *Read the Ceremony of the Apotheoſis.*
† Hercules, *a Conſtellation near* Ariadne's *Crown.*

F I N I S.

A

Compleat KEY

TO THE

DISPENSARY

Written by Sir SAMUEL GARTH, *M. D.*

The THIRD EDITION.

To which are added,

Above Sixty Lines omitted in the late Editions of that POEM.

ALSO

Some POEMS of the ſame Author never before printed together.

LONDON:

Printed for T. ASTLEY, at the *Roſe* in St *Paul's* Church-yard, 1734.

[Price Six Pence.]

A

Compleat KEY

TO THE

DISPENSARY.

In the first COPY of VERSES

To Dr *GARTH* upon the *Dispensary.*

Lin. 2. *IKE* * M——gue's *could a just Piece sustain,*

* Charles Mountague, *Lord* Hallifax.

Lin. 15. *When* † S——rs *Charming Eloquence.*

† The Lord *Somers*, formerly Ld. Chancellor.

Lin. 20. *What* * D——s *can't condemn, nor* † D——n *mend.*

Dennis, a ſowre, ſupercillious and ill-natur'd Critic and Poetaſter.

† *Dryden*, a famous Poet.

In the Second COPY of VERSES, written by the late Colonel CODRINGTON, Governor of the *Leeward Iſlands.*

Lin. 13. THE *Nymph has* [1] G——n's [2] C——l's [3] C——l's *Charms,*

[1] The Ducheſs of *Grafton.*

[2] *Cecil's*, the late Counteſs of *Saliſbury.*

[3] The Lady —— *Churchill*, one of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Daughters.

Lin. 22. Lucretius, Horace, [1] S —— d, [2] M —— ue,

[1] *John Sheffield*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, Marquis of *Normanby*, and Duke of *Buckingham.* The Works of this noble Peer were publiſhed in the Year 1723, under the Inſpection of Mr *Pope.* Since re-printed in two Volumes 8°.

[2] *Montague*, Lord *Halifax.*

Lin.

Lin. 27. *Facetious* [1] M——— *and the City* [2] B———

[1] *Mirmil* Dr *Gibbons.*

[2] The *City Bard.* Sir *Richard Blackmore.*

Lin. 36. *H——s,* Dr *Hans.*

Lin. 37. *R——e,* Dr *Ratcliffe.*

Lin. 39. *M——l's,* i. e. *Mirmil's,* Dr, *Gibbons.*

Lin. 42. *W——h,* the late *William Walſh,* Eſq;

Lin. 43. To [1] *S——s* and [2] *D——t* too ſubmit,

[1] The Lord *Somers.*

[2] The late Earl of *Dorſet.*

CANTO I.

Pag. Ver.

5. 2. *Reat Naſſau*, the late King *WILLIAM*, of GLORIOUS and IMMORTAL MEMORY.

8. *Why* * S——— *rages to ſurvive Deſire.*

* *Scarſdale*, the late Lord of that Name.

10. *Whence Tropes to* [1] F——, *or Impudence* [2] S———

[1] *Finch*, the late Lord *Guernſey*.

[2] *Sloan*, a late Lawyer, famous in *Weſtminſter-Hall for his Vociferation and Impudence.*

Pag. Ver.

8. 16. Urim *was civil*, &c.

What *fiery Divine* is here meant by *Urim*, is eaſy to gueſs: 'tis but looking over the Liſts of the *Prolocutors*, and of the Prelates that have fill'd the See of *Rocheſter*, and then conſider which of them the Character of *Urim* fits beſt.

9. 16. *NASSAU*, the late King WILLIAM.

CANTO

CANTO II.

Pag. Ver.

16. 3. † Heroine *ſhall* Albion's *Scepter bear.*

† Queen ANNE, whoſe Triumphs ſhall ever ſhine in *Britiſh* Annals.

16. 13. Colon——— Mr *Lee*, an Apothecary.

17. 1. ———

4. Horoſcope, *Dr* Barnard.

17. ———

14. *Find*'s *Senſe in* * Br———, *Charms in Lady* † G———e.

* The late Sir *William Brownlow.* † *Grace*, the late Lady *Grace Pierrepoint.*

19. 9. Colon—— Mr *Lee.*

10. Horoſcope, *Dr* Barnard.

21. 1. Squirt——— *Dr* Barnard's *Man.*

2. Horoſcope, *Dr* Barnard.

CANTO

CANTO III.

Pag. Ver.

25. 4. COLON——— *Mr* Lee.

6. *And* * S——— *Works.*

* *Salmon*, a late Quack Doctor, and indefatigable Scribbler.

27. 21. *Squirt*, *Dr* Barnard's *Man.*

23. Horoſcope, *Dr* Barnard.

28. 3. Magus, *Dr* Barnard.

29. 24. Squirt, *Dr* Barnard's *Man.*

28. *Tyro*'s, Apprentices.

30. 14. *Diaſenna*; either Mr *Dare* an Apothecary; or, according to others, Mr *Figge*, late Maſter of the *Apothecary*'s Company.

For

Pag Ver.

31. 23. *For* * S——rs *has the Seal, and* † Naſſau *reigns.*

Somers, the Lord *Somers,* late Lord Chancellor.

† *Naſſau,* the late King *WILLIAM.*

32. 11. *Colocynthus,* Mr *Baron,* an *Apothecary.*

25. *Ruſſel,* Mr. a famous *Undertaker.*

34. 14. *Aſcarides,* Mr *Bridges* and Mr *Parrot,* two *Apothecaries.*

CANTO

CANTO IV.

Pag. Ver.

39. 1. *Requented Theatre*: The *Play-house* in *Drury-Lane*, near *Covent-Garden*.

5. *Bentley*, a late Bookseller in *Great Russel-Street*.

6. *Briscoe*, another Bookseller, late of *Covent-Garden*, and formerly Mr *Bentley*'s Apprentice.

11. *When* * Bur——ſs *deafens all the liſt'ning Preſs*.

* Dr *Burgeſs*, a famous *Presbyterian* Preacher.

13. *Myſterious* † F——n.

† Dr *Freeman*, late Rector of *Covent Garden*.

40. 21. } Mirmillo: Dr *Gibbons* of *King-Street Co-*
29. } *Garden*.

Askaris

Pag. Ver.

Mr *Parrot*, an Apothecary.

Dr *How*.

Dr *Tyſon*, Phyſician of *Bedlam*.

44. 4. [illegible] entire, *and* [illegible] Reams of [illegible]m.

Dr *Henry Moor's* Works.

† B[illegible]m, Mr *Bloom* the late Editor of Books by Subſcription.

5. [illegible] *neglected* C——s: Dr *Collins*.

6. } Carus: Dr *Tyſon*.
8. }

9. } Umbra: Dr *Cole*.
13. }

20. * C—— *a* Lycurgus, *and a* Phocian
† R——.

* Sir *Henry Dutton Colt*, late Member of Parliament for *Weſtminſter*.
† Mr *Anthony Rowe*.

24. Horoſcope: Dr *Barnard*

45. 1. } Vagelius: Sir *Barth. Shower*, a late Law-
12. } yer, famous for Declamation.

9. * Or——d *ſuſpected*, † D——b *innocent*.

* The Earl of *Orford*.

† The late Sir *Charles Duncomb*.

17. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

Arm.

00046629

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016